



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

admiring but of themselves procuring what had been so long the pride of Europe and the envy of America. Mr. Braun has not left his work half done; he has also reproduced, most faithfully, the different sketches of the masters which even tourists have seen but seldom, and have been, up to this time, like "sealed books" to our traveling countrymen. For these latter copies, the true lover of art will be particularly grateful, for though we admire a beautiful creation, in all its perfection, it is vastly interesting to see it in its elemental condition. We are curious to learn what were the outlines, and how it grew to its completeness; and in thus studying each minute line and touch, we not only improve ourselves, but also form a true conception of the vastness of the work of a painting, like, for instance, "The Last Supper." But not only pictures and marbles has Mr. Braun autographed, but also figures from real life.

Chas. F. Haseltine, of this city (Philadelphia), is sole wholesale agent in the United States, and has a full collection constantly upon exhibition and sale.

#### NEW YORK.

"Out of town for the summer" is the most frequent reception that greets chance visitors to our New York studios during June and for two months to come. The occupants are now scattered far and wide, choosing such localities as fancy may dictate, or fortune allow. Among the many absentees we find two of our more prominent artists have wisely chosen the beauties of the Maine coast—William DeHaas and A. Cary Smith. E. Wood Perry passes the summer in New England. The charms of the Hudson have wooed R. W. Hubbard and S. R. Gifford. Constant Mayer is at Saratoga, and Matthew Wilson has been won by the attractions of Lake George. Julian Scott is in Virginia, and Mr. T. Gaylord starts for Europe in July. Wordsworth Thompson and T. W. Marshall do their sketching among the Adirondacks. Mr. Chapin is in the Catskills.

Among the exceptional stay-at-homes are Mr. J. Heade, Maurice F. H. DeHaas, L. E. Wilmarth, and a few others, and even these may become infected with a desire to roam, and disaffected with the work of daubing paint with the thermometer at 110° Fahrenheit, when shady groves and breezy forests invite to rest and recuperation.

Among the recent products of the easel is a large Marine, by M. F. H. DeHaas—a study from the Massachusetts coast, which the artist calls "Sunday Evening at Cape Ann," in which he has happily caught the spirit of an old, time-honored custom, and the tall bluff in the middle distance is covered with men and women, who have come, as is their wont, to engage in devotional singing at the quiet hour of eventide. The dashing waves below and the sunset effect are most excellently wrought.

William H. Beard has caused quite a laugh, at Mr. Darwin's expense, by producing a neat little sketch in printing ink, caricaturing the Darwinian theory of "progression."

William Hart is engaged upon another of his notable pastorals, embodying the distinctive features of Berkshire scenery.

A Mr. W. M. Chase, recently from Ohio, has won many encomiums of the most flattering char-

acter as reward for the unusual excellence of a fruit piece just completed.

Thomas Gaylord, a young artist who is rapidly winning his way into the knowledge and appreciation of our best art-loving people, has received a commission from E. L. Davenport for a large-sized reproduction of "The Dying Clown," noteworthy alike for the excellence of its drawing, richness and purity of its color, and forceful manner in which the *motif* of the artist has found expression. Mr. Gaylord goes to Europe this season, to fill this and other commissions which are pressing upon him.

Ward, Tiffany, Mayer and others, have already enshrined, within the sacred precincts of their studios, partially completed, works for the fall exhibition of the N. A. D.

The second summer exhibition is now open, and includes the Suydam collection.

A private view of the new Derby collection was given to artists and gentlemen of the press, on the evening of June 28. MANHATTAN.



"LASHED TO THE SHROUDS."

## AMERICAN ART LITERATURE.

SPIRIT OF OUR ART-WRITERS.

### "THE HACKING OF PICTURES WITH PEN-KNIVES."

Captious critics stand from under! while you see how your short comings are summed up and disposed of in the *Golden Age*;

American art is not the best in the world; but it is better than American art criticism. Inasmuch as art accompanies and illustrates literature, the pen of the writer should, in grateful return, fulfil a brotherly function toward the brush of the painter. All criticism, whether of literature or art, should be generous; for only thus can it be just. But while the pervading tone of current criticism toward books is magnanimous, toward pictures it is mean. To read the flippant and flimsy remarks made in our leading journals (with few exceptions) on the works of our principal artists, particularly as seen in each new yearly exhibition, a person would suppose that art, instead of being one of the most sacred of callings, was merely an ornamental pastime of idleness, and that art-criticism, instead of being a solemn, grave, and judicial function, was a mere social and buoyant effervescence of small wit. We have seen in reputable periodicals such treatment of American art and artists, and particularly of the

National Academy of Design, as would lead a stranger to conclude that the principal literature of the press had formed an offensive league against the principal artists of the Academy. If the artists of New York, in their collective capacity, should publish a journal in which they should systematically attack and punish almost every work of almost every leading American writer as fast as it appeared—for instance, every new poem of Lowell's or Longfellow's, every new history of Motley's or Bancroft's, and every new essay of Emerson's or Howell's—this would very fairly represent *The Tribune's* attitude toward American art and artists down to a very recent period:—a kind of criticism which that journal has lately somewhat (but still only partially) improved. We speak of *The Tribune* because that journal's opinion, whether right or wrong, is always important, and either does much good or more ill, and because other journals, following the smart captiousness of this leader, are more captious and less smart.

#### ART OUR SALVATION.

A lively contributor to the Boston *Commonwealth* thus discourses upon the prevailing *furor* in that city:

#### "HIGH ART" A "HOBBY" OF THE "HUB."

The talk and effort in behalf of the Museum has really occasioned quite an agitation. You would think our people were hoping to be saved by art. The new gospel is preached on Sundays, and meetings for edification and conference are held almost every evening during the week. We used to be exhorted to get religion; now we are urged to get art. The reason why Christians are not holy, why monopolies abound, why poor men do not get rich, why "every sixth door opens to vice" (Wendell Phillips), why women go to the bad, why merchants cheat and politicians are humbugs, why toilets are dowdy and victuals indigestible, why homes are ugly and streets crooked, why newspapers are dull and manners boorish, why the birth-rate diminishes and Ben Butler has admirers, is all because we do not cultivate art sufficiently, and so develop our æsthetical natures. Give us art or we perish! This community has tried Puritanism, transcendentalism, liberalism, know-nothingism, foggism, free schools, free ballots, and the Maine law, and found each of them leaky. There was always some place where human nature slipped through. We are about to try art. If this does not make everything lovely I know not what we shall feel obliged to resort to, unless it be woman suffrage. But we have been wrought up to a high degree of confidence. Some of us are as sure as if we had tried it. If we get art it will be possible to be virtuous, and the consequences of virtue have often been predicted. I have noticed that prediction is the common habit of treating them. For myself, I read what the apostles of the new era have to say, then I read the dispatches from Paris, and doubt.

After all, this great commotion is only an awakening or revival. High art has always been a Boston hobby. For years and years every boy born in Boston has esteemed high art the next best thing to pocket money, and all Boston girls coddle it as soon as they outgrow dolls. Ask any of them and they'll tell you all about it. High art, indeed! My dear sirs, Harvard College is high art—even classic; Bunker Hill monument is high art—220 feet high; the peace jubilee was high art in spite of its tendency to be loud; Fichter was high art—artfully so; the great organ is high art, and to keep it so its pitch is to be raised; Massachusetts Bay is high art, at least it has as good a right to be thought so as the celebrated Lefranc, for, like him, (and I hope this won't devastate your artless soul), it can reach the high sea; *Every Saturday* is ranked as high art on account of its *Graphic* illustrations. Wendell Phillips used to be classed as high art, but last fall he was placed in a strong light and subjected to some standard tests, when it was discovered that, while his style is strictly severe, his proportions are not always true. Faneuil Hall, the *Atlantic*

*Monthly*, the Radical Club, and the Handel and Haydn Society, are each of them examples of high art, but the fact is not generally known outside of the city. Modest worth, you understand, is a delightful case of *ars est celare artem*. It is a good announcement to end my letter with, but somebody has carelessly broken a high art-icle here.

#### HOPE'S FOREST INTERIORS.

The *Season* gives an extended and flattering notice of Hope's "Basin," from which we make extract :

The scene depicted by the artist is one which, from the earliest ages, has ever appealed strongly to the poetic imagination, and has, indeed, furnished the most beautiful of human decorations—the fountain. On the slope of a hill, thickly planted with tall trees, which grow here larger and higher than in the forests on the plain, because they have each plenty of air, rises a little spring which trickles down the side. It murmurs pleasantly as it goes, and the hill-flowers blossom on its banks. On its course it comes to a spot where the earth is bare, and the soft limestone rock peeps out. Over this it glides noiselessly, year by year wearing itself a deeper bed, until it works out a capacious basin, from the mouth of which its silver thread of water trickles reluctantly, muttering complacently as it finds its way to the plain.

The school of which this artist is the highest exponent finds ample material in such a scene for the development of its peculiar ideas. Hope positively revels in the portrayal of the lines which the water has made in the limestone. All the fantastic bends and twists and hollows and sinuosities are given with intense fidelity, and with the vim of a hand that delights in its work. The whole foreground of the picture is taken up by this basin, over which the dark trees form a canopy, and the upper part of the hill forms a background, lighted up by a break in the forest, through which the sunbeams stream right pleasantly. And out of pure sportiveness and exquisite delight in his subject, Hope has so arranged the compositors as to place the perfectly straight trunk of a tall tree at the very top of his picture, and in the exact centre as if in absolute defiance of recognized rules of composition.

#### OUR SCULPTORS IN ROME.

Laura Curtis Bullard has been writing to the *Golden Age*, from Rome. We give what she says of two or three of the sculptors :

Mr. Reinhardt is another of our most clever American sculptors. His marbles are full of beauty, full of sentiment. His Clytie, a graceful, standing figure, holding a sunflower, is one of the loveliest of modern statues; and a small figure of Hero, leaning out to watch for her lover's coming, with a lamp in her hand to serve as his light, is a most exquisite creation. Leander, a fine, manly figure, is a lover well worth a Hero's vigil. The work upon which Mr. R. is at present engaged is a colossal statue of Chief Justice Taney, which has been ordered by the State of Maryland to adorn her capital. It is a majestic figure, and it is refreshing to know, that one portrait-statue in America will not be a caricature of the luckless statesman or hero, whose face and figure it purports to make familiar to future generations. Chief Justice Taney was never one of my heroes, but if I did not admire the man, I do admire the statue by which his State has immortalized him.

Rogers is another sculptor who has been very successful in his heroic statues. He has modelled several fine monuments for the several States which have showed the good taste to desire to commemorate their noble sons who fell in the late dreadful war. The crowning figure of that made for Michigan is a grand, youthful, and spirited woman, the personification of America. She holds, in one outstretched hand, her shield, while she leans upon her sword. It is a vital, heroic figure, whose spirit and force would thrill even the most prosaic of mortals who looked upon

it. Near it sits Lincoln, a statue of heroic size, for the Pennsylvania State monument, to be placed in Philadelphia. It is a life-like portrait, and therefore far from handsome. A good Western woman who visited the studio soon after it was finished, stood before it and apostrophized it thus: "Jes like him—jes like him. I've seen him setting so a hundred times, setting down jes so lanky, with his stomach all hollered in. It's as natural as life,"—and so it is. The simple-hearted, great-natured, homely old saviour of his country! History will pronounce him grand, if she cannot call him beautiful. Rogers is now modelling an ideal figure of Somnambula.

Edmonia Lewis, our African sculptress, has just finished a life-sized Madonna and Child, as an altar-piece for the young Marquis of Bute. The bust of Longfellow, ordered by Harvard College, is nearly ready to go into marble. It is a fine characteristic head—which I preferred to Powers' bust of the same favorite American poet.

The women sculptors need not altogether hide their diminished leads in the presence of their brethren, nor is modern art, whether interpreted by man or woman, so despicable a thing as some of those would have us believe who are always looking backward, and who can find no beauty in anything unless it is seen through the shadowy haze of the past.

#### A NEW USE FOR THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

Under this head the *Golden Age* has its say, and a semi-sensible, semi-impracticable one, upon a topic that has excited more comment, probably, and called out more advice—good and bad, than any one thing in the realm of American art:

Now that William Page has been elected to the presidency of the National Academy of Design—a fact which, beyond the personal tribute it thus conveys to an eminent American artist, implies also a wholesome change in the administration of the Academy—we desire to urge upon the new president, and upon Mr. Quincy Ward, the vice-president, the propriety of keeping open perpetually, the academic building on the corner of Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street. We are not now speaking of a permanent art gallery in which the pictorial treasures of years may be collected and exhibited—though so great a city as New York should be put to the blush for not possessing one. We are referring only to a just and legitimate extension of the existing function of the Academy—which is to exhibit the current works of its own members.

In our judgment, whenever an academician has a new picture to exhibit to his friends, to the press, or to the community, he should have the privilege of carrying it to this building, hanging it to suit himself, taking ample wall-space to drape it if he chooses, and thus presenting it as a specialty to all who may be interested in it. Pictures are thus exhibited at Goupil's and Schaus', and at the Century and other clubs, and why not in the Academy itself?

Furthermore, we would be glad to see the Academy kept open on Sundays—in order to furnish an æsthetic and refining place of resort to multitudes who might be too busy to frequent it on other days of the week.

Every new picture which is painted ought to be put by the artist in a place where everybody can see it, and where (as a consequence) somebody might be tempted to buy it.

We hope that under the new administration the Academy will make a more aggressive appeal than heretofore to public attention. Let its doors never be shut, and let its walls always contain something—if only one picture at a time—which will reward the passer-by for entering in. As a book-store all the year round, gives the latest products of literature, so should our National Art Academy exhibit in the same way the current works of our artists. Shall we hear from Mr. Page, Mr. Ward, and the new council, concerning this (or some other) practical plan for promoting the popular interest in American art?

#### THE NEW LITERARY LIGHT.

The London correspondent of the Boston *Evening Post* sketches Joaquin Miller, the new wonder in the world of letters, but recently arrived in the English metropolis from the wilds of California :

Joaquin Miller, the suddenly risen California poet, who, "unknown and alone," grimly hugging his manuscripts made ready for the press, crossed the continent, posted through New York city, set his back against Boston, and sailed for England; where, in London, at his own expense and without the aid of a publisher, he brought out an edition of five hundred copies of a collection of original poems, which at once created a sensation in the great metropolis, and won long columns of praise from the leading London critics—this but a day ago unknown Joaquin Miller is just now talked about and talked about here with as much curiosity and interest as was Bret Harte a while ago, and the recent number of the *Evening Post* containing extracts from the London reviews, and the reviews themselves which immediately followed, have been sought and eagerly read by the critics of the town, and efforts have been made to ascertain who and what the new poet is. Letters from London, received to-day, have a good deal to say about him. In some incomprehensible way, they state, Miller got at once after his arrival into the very midst of the Rosetti and Swinburne cliques of London, and thenceforth became a lion among the *litterateurs*. He is said to be an unadulterated American of the West, a rough, "unvarnished" Californian, an original Forty-niner, and a genius. He has lived a good part of his days in Mexico and California, and has roughed it at the mines, and led a life as unlike that of a poet's as one can imagine. His admirers in London call him the Byron of America, and one of them, Rosetti, I believe, has presented him with a copy of a volume of Walt Whitman's poems, inscribed something after this fashion:—"This volume of the works the best American poet is presented to the second-best American poet." It is said that Froude, the historian, is preparing a careful and eulogistic review of the new poet's poems for *Fraser's*, Swinburne for the *Fortnightly Review*, and Rosetti for some other periodical, and Jean Ingelow and William Morris are talking to everybody enthusiastically about them. He has chosen, it seems, the Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of this city, as his American publishers, having, in the meantime, with a clear eye to the main chance, procured for himself the American copyright. American editions may, therefore, soon be looked for, and then comparisons may be made with the poems of Bret Harte, John Hay, and the Michigan Carleton.

#### HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

##### INTERIOR DECORATION OF HOUSES.

The art of painting was first introduced in interiors. It was not until comparatively a late period that paintings of great dimensions were made portable. Originally buildings of public worship and buildings of state were decorated. In the buildings of worship the object has ever been to embody the ideal of the creed, and to immortalize its champions and martyrs. In the buildings of state, to immortalize the virtue of the true patriot and loyal citizen, thus to keep before the eye of the community or nation, the great deeds and sacrifices these high minded members of society made in fostering the common interests, to appeal to all enjoying the existing advantages to follow their example should necessity call upon them; on the other hand, also, illustrations of the doom of those who violated with impunity the laws of society, established for the perpetuation of its prosperity.